

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

## Jerkwater Jazz.

(By ARCHEY CAMERON NEW.)  
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ANDY SCOBELL, property depot at the Olympia, sat in the back alley, chair tilted against the stage door, puffing at his old briar pipe. It was Sunday evening and serenity of the early twilight peace. And then trouble in the form of O'Brien, the orchestra leader, stalked up the alley and confronted Andy.

"What's it mean, 'is Sunday night stuff'?" demanded O'Brien, thrusting two pudgy fists into his trousers pockets and glaring at Andy. "Here I was, takin' a nice little snooze, an' th' wife comes an' jabs me an' says, Mr. Ferrest says y' must come t' th' theatre right away. What's the idea? Special show fer th' visitin' rajah, 'r a peace rally of th' Hibernians?"

Andy exhaled a long cloud from each nostril and grinned.

"Neither," he replied briefly. "Tornado Tessie jes' blew in, with her new act with human fleas. Needs special rehearsal."

"Tornado Tessie?" repeated O'Brien, puzzled, scratching his head. Never heard of her.

"Not under that name y' haven't," explained Andy. "It's Miss Fay St. Jacques and her first time at this theatre." Andy grinned in retrospection. "She's a bear for speed, that kid. But she's mighty nice. You'll like her. Better get a move on. Her company's been here almost five minutes now. Chances are they're all ready, they're that quick. Y'll find her music on th' table near th' switch."

O'Brien opened the door, and at the same time opened the secret of Andy's kindly praise. For he knew Miss St. Jacques had been liberal to the erstwhile demon, when he saw a full-stage, brilliantly illuminated, with a lavish wast of food, border and spotlights. The only other person in sight was Gregory, his chief violinist, who was poring anxiously at the 'score' on the table. O'Brien took one look, and yelled.

"Watthell?" he shrieked. "What is this—music or stage directions for a storm scene?"

"It has got a lot of jazz to it," admitted Gregory, sadly.

"Jazz!" echoed O'Brien. "It can't be done—and that's all. Th' only thing that could play this stuff'd be an electric fan, r a dynamo. I resign."

"Oh, please don't."

O'Brien received another shock, for suddenly found at his side the dearest, prettiest little girl he had faced in many moons. And her voice was soft and puring, not at all like this—

"—music!" she assured him, with a smile. "We've danced to it eight times a day often—all the way through. It's a little fast, but—"

"A little fast," gasped O'Brien, clutching at the table for support. "It's too fast for me, Miss Jakes. I can't do that—that's all."

"But I must have some one," she pleaded, in sudden alarm. "The girls are getting ready—and we open here Wednesday night. I'd pay ex—"

"Beginn' yer pardon, boss," Gregory interrupted to O'Brien. "Maybe Tripp can dot it; hes not working now."

"George Tripp?" protestingly. "Bah. He's a funeral director."

"I think he can do it, though," persisted Gregory. "He's down in the country now—at Bush Falls, thirty-five minutes ride. Got a phone, too. Call him up."

"I'll try it," O'Brien reluctantly gave in. "I can do th' second violin, but lead—never. Wheres at phone?"

"Let me go with you, please," urged the little dancer, her eyes sparkling with new-born hope. "I'm so anxious."

"Come on," granted O'Brien and he led the way graciously through the darkened theatre to the lobby. He soon raised Tripp on the wire and heard his voice, then explained briefly what was wanted.

"Down there—in the bush?" he was heard to protest, after a few minutes. "I can't do it." A pause. "But y' haven't seen this score. It looks like th' dots and dashes of a telegraph message. It's—Oh, hear, talk to Miss Halls—she'll arrange."

He handed over the instrument to the girl, who joined him a few minutes later with a rather rueful look.

"He wants me to come up there, or down there, wherever it is," she said. "In that backwoods place, and rehearse. I know I'll just die. I detest the country. You're to come on Tuesday, with the others. He wants me to come tonight. Says he'll meet me at the theatre, and his mother is fixing up the spare room. Ought I to—do it?"

"Sure!" came the prompt rejoinder. "If you want to put the act on. But bow in th' dickens he expects t' play for in th' jerkwater town gets me, it sure does."

Three young and dainty girls and five men with the appearance of musicians from the cases that they bore, alighted from the electric train at the station and his mother is fixing up about them disgustedly.

"Bush Falls," echoed the girls in chorus. "Ye gods!"

"Can you direct me to Mr. George Tripp's place?" demanded the leader of the party, a portly, florid individual, of a half-sleeping youth dawdling behind the wheel of a much-used Ford. The youth awoke with a start and surveyed the crowd with interest.

"Be you th' crowd he's expectin'?" he demanded, and they nodded. "Well, jump right in." The girls gasped, but finally clambered in and the over-stuffed machine departed for the Tripp place.

Within sight of the big farm house two figures stood up, at the top of an immense haystack, and waved frantically to the approaching party.

"Th' hay rubes be lookin' for some music," said O'Brien in a nasal accent. "An' so wonder, after listenin' for a whole day to Tripp an' th' awful score."

And then the couple in the overall

## THESE WILL GREET THE SPRING, TRA-LA



By BETTY BROWN.

Although the weather man's talk is still monotonously of "snow flurries" and cold waves, the busy fashion makers have plotted, and often performed, the garments we are to wear in the spring, and our Easter parade coats and suits already hang safely prepared in the marts of trade.

The first blue bird and the spring openings will bring out garments like and sun beamers ran up to the machine.

"It's Fay!" screamed the girls in chorus.

"It's Tripp!" yelled O'Brien, dumfounded. "I knew you'd give that idea up soon's y' saw the score."

"But we haven't," Fay and George Tripp answered in chorus.

"What?" cried O'Brien. "Dye mean you can dot that cyclone stuff up here in these peaceful hills. Why, even th' sun slow up roundin' that curve back yonder."

"That's the very place to rehearse this stuff," answered Tripp, brightly. "Even Fay—even Miss St. Jacques admits it. Back in to a everything going at top speed. There's too much competition. You can't keep your mind on your number. Up here we've worked it up to perfection. The act's going over big. Come on in."

He paused to help the girls off with their wraps and invited them hospitably into a large living room, squared off at an end for a stage, and prepared, evidently for action. "And now it's this way."

And with O'Brien, Gregory and the others listening raptly over his shoulder, Tripp plunged madly into the wildest, maddest, most syncopated music Bush Falls, O'Brien or even all Broadway had ever heard. And the girls, ready for action, leaped upon the improvised stage and soon were working madly.

For an hour or more they rehearsed, companion and orchestra, and then a little motherly woman whom George introduced as his mother opened the doors of the dining room and welcomed them to an old-fashioned country dinner. O'Brien twenty minutes later, loosening his belt, looked quizzically at Fay St. Jacques, who sat at George Tripp's right at the head of the table, and remarked, sotto voice, to Gregory. "I never heard o'puttin' a wildcat an' a sloth in th' same cage 'r gettin' a funeral marcher 'r play ragtime, but evidently it can be done. An' there's other things besides jerkwater towns as improves jazz, evidently, romance, 'r instance."

And then, as he noted the look that Fay shyly gave Tripp, he was sure of it.

Self Denial.

Visitor—And what did you do to help win the war?

Jimmie—I didn't take castor oil so's there would be plenty to use on the flying machines—Carltons.

these three. On the left is a cape coat of blue serge, with a clever Greek key braided design in flat black silk braid. The outlines of this coat are particularly graceful, and promise to be popular. The throw scarf collar is a harmonious note.

In the center is another type of cape coat, on sand-colored duvetyne with bright-lined lining of Persian silk. The long reverse set on cape, and sash

are its notable features.

The tailored suit at the right is interesting in its free use of braid and buttons, the latter of jet. It has the very low-cut vest and fitted waist line. All these models were displayed at the annual convention of the National Cloak and Suit Manufacturers held in Cleveland in December, and are important indicators of the trend in ready-to-wear garments for spring.

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER 136.

Bob Tells of His Wound—Shell Shock—and His Wife Faces Her Tragedy.

Then Mother Lorimer moved swiftly behind her big boy and with a solemn gesture which he alone of all the party could not see, she laid the tip of a forefinger on her lips. We did not understand but we took our cue from her. Hysteria, accusations and recriminations had no part in this queer domestic drama as conducted under mother's management.

Nothing happened for a moment except that daddy came over to me, dropped a protecting arm about me, and answered my husband's question: "Sure, Jane is here! Works for me!" he added and then as if utterly helpless and stranded he turned a perplexed glance upon mother.

"Jane is doing war work in your father's office," mother explained.

"But it's over—now, I—I finished—today," I stammered. It seemed to me that everything else in my life was finished, too. For of all the ways I had expected to meet my husband, none I had ever imagined was at all like this! "I'm through—I went on, so overwhelmed with the finality of the situation that I could not find words enough to cover the case. "I'm done! It's—all—ended!"

"Nothing to be so tragic about, just yet, my dear Miss Ames!" said Dr. Certels coming out from the shadow of the pillars by the huge fireplace. I wheeled quickly. Of all persons in the world, why had chance sent Tony Certels to see my husband renounce me! I clung desperately to daddy's arm while Bob walked across the room to shake hands with his father's best friend.

"Jane! Jane! Be game!" Daddy whispered to me. Never before had I seen him so shaken. "It must come out right. We'll make it. But today, let's follow mother's lead. She's got some definite idea about the thing, I guess—or I hope."

Mother's first lead was to place me at the table between daddy and Dr. Certels, next to my husband where a war bride ought to be. Then she rushed the conversation through Bob's

experiences, and brought out the leading facts which we all wanted.

Bob had come home on the staff of a brigadier general. That officer, who was in Washington, had given Bob a short furlough. In a week they would go back to remain with the army on the Rhine indefinitely. Nothing positive, of course, but that was his chief's surmise, Bob said.

Then he told us of trench fighting and trench life, most of the time with his eyes on my face, but never once with an intimate glance; always as he used to look at me in that platonic stage of our affection which lasted all one summer up in the north woods.

At last mother persuaded him to tell how he had been hurt. He said that he hadn't a wound or a scar. He had only been shell-shocked and was quite recovered! But he felt awfully sorry for some poor devils he had seen who hadn't a scratch to show but who would go the rest of their days with only half their brains in working order!

"Well, young man, if you've brought all of your own brains home with you, which I'm inclined to doubt, I'd like to see you for a while in the library," said daddy as mother rose from the table. Then he transferred me to Dr. Certels and taking his hat he went to the arm, marched him away for a long conference.

Certels installed me in my favorite nook in the great parlor before the fireplace. Mother and Chrys clustered close to question him.

Faint Heart.

Oh Reginald! Have you spoken to father yet?

Aw-yes, deah. Said good evenin' as I passed him in the hall—Passing Show.

Cholly—Let me think a minute. Miss Keen—Can you keep it that long?—Spokane Spokesman Review.

In a recent speech in England Premier Lloyd George is quoted as saying: "I consider that the work of women in this war has saved the cause for the Allies."

## HIS FEET HURT BUT JONES WAS HAPPY

Prospect of Getting Back to the States Cheered Him Up.

Mrs. Belle Jones, of 513 Virginia avenue, has received the following letter dated December 11, from her son, Samuel A., who is attached to the 28th Infantry and was at Cochen, Germany, when he wrote:

Dearest Mother:—Just a line to let you know that I am still alive and am in good health, all but my feet. I think they are gone for good but don't worry. I will soon be home. I would like to be home for Christmas but it don't look like we are going to make it. But I think we will be home in a month or two. Let's hope so any way, for I am sure tired of the army by this time. They sure can make it miserable for you. I just wrote to Fred. I hope they have opened up again. So Watson has started a taxi service. Well, I will be one of his victims, I hope, before long. We are headed for the Rhine river and I think this first division will be one of the first back to the states. Let us hope so any way. I would like to be home for Christmas but eat a big turkey leg for me and I will just think that I am eating turkey with you. Tell Nora and Watson I said hello and give Guy and Dora my best regards. Tell them I will be home before long. I remain forever, your loving son, Jim, wishing a Merry Christmas and Happy New Years to come.

JAMES A. JONES.  
Co. D, 28th Inf., American E. F., via New York. With love to all.

## EAST SIDE NEWS

Funeral of Marion Wesley Moran. The funeral of Marion Wesley Moran was held Wednesday evening at seven o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Cornwell in Jacobs street. The service was conducted by Rev. C. C. Lawson, pastor of the First M. P. church. The remains were taken to Mt. Zion today where Rev. Lawson conducted a short service and interment was made in the Mt. Zion cemetery by Undertaker Fred Jenkins.

Received Letter from Son. Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gaskins have received a letter from their son, Harold McKinley Gaskins, who has been in France with the A. E. F. the past several months. At the time the letter was written his battery was stationed at Noid Zassen, about five miles from the Rhine river and about twenty-five miles from where President Wilson said his Christmas dinner. He stated that he was in good health and was enjoying the scenes of their travels very much. He does not think they will reach home before April fifteenth.

Martin-Fletcher. Coral Martin, of Fairmont, and Miss Nina B. Fletcher, of Farmington, were united in marriage Saturday evening by Rev. J. Elbert Wells. The wedding took place in the home in Merchant street that the groom had furnished and ready for their occupancy. Mr. Martin is manager of the R. M. Hite company store at Rivesville and is a young man of splendid business qualities. The happy couple have the best wishes of many friends.

Returned Wednesday. Mrs. D. W. Toothman, of Reeves avenue, returned Wednesday from Toledo, O., where she was called several days ago by the death of her sister in law, Mrs. Chester Holland.

Personal. Mrs. Frank E. Mower, of Hendricks, is the guest of Mrs. J. Elbert Wells at her home in Market street.

Glenn McCloy, of Kingmont, spent Tuesday with his sister, Mrs. Charles J. Jones, in State street.

Mrs. J. A. Henry and son, Harold, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murphy in East Park avenue, returned to their home at Brownsville, Pa., today.

Miss Eunice Minor still continues quite ill at her home in East Park avenue.

Mrs. J. N. Dumire, of East Park avenue, has gone to Baltimore to see a nephew who is a patient at Johns Hopkins hospital.

Larney Morris, brother of Will Morris, of Reeves avenue, arrived here on Wednesday from an army training

## Osgood's for Quality

Much interest is now being shown by many women who visit this store, in our splendid assortment of new

## Serge Frocks

The styles are so pretty and becoming, and the serge is of such good quality—the prices are very modest.

\$19.75, \$25.00  
\$29.75

## Become Slender

A Simple, Guaranteed Method

If you would like to lose weight, from one to five pounds of burlesome fat while eating and drinking all you need, also enjoy life far better than at present, just follow this advice:

Take seven drops of each of our morning and evening pills, after each meal, a little bit of lemon, eat all you need, by chewing thoroughly, and follow other directions of the "Belly-Buster" Keweenaw.

Men and women who were wasting away, lost their appetites, and were unable to eat, now get all of their strength back, and are in good health, and are able to do all the work of the house, and are able to enjoy life.

Miss Grace Knapp has been ill the past few days at her home in Morgantown avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cassell and son are home from a few days' visit with relatives at Grafton.

## Local Moose Exect to Form Their Own Band

Some of the members of Fairmont Lodge, 9, Loyal Order of Moose, have informally discussed the prospects of having a band formed from its members. The matter will be discussed at length in the near future.

Last night's meeting of the lodge was largely attended, there having been fifty members present. Plans will be made at next Wednesday night's meeting for the date on which a class of candidates will be initiated. This will be early in February. Thus far ten applications have been received for membership.

Work on the new Moose home has been progressing nicely and the only thing unfinished in the new lodge room is the painting and waxing of the floor. By February 1, it is expected that the new social rooms in the basement of the home will be ready for use.

The concrete work is finished. The lodge has sent in five applications to Mooseheart, where five children of deceased Moose brethren will be placed.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(DANNY TRIES TO CONSOLE HIS DAD)—BY ALLMAN.

